



"Of course, I realize that I don't know a thing about art, Mr. Slaughter, but I don't think it's a good likeness of my daughter. Now, I think you've got her nose too short. What do you think, Cousin Belle?" Cousin Belle agrees that something is wrong, but thinks it may be the eyes. Or is it that the mouth is just a weeny bit too slanting?



Josephine is crazy to pose for her portrait. She will begin right now if need be. This attitude will last only through the first sitting. After seeing the portrait she will be offended, and rightly, and will never come back.



Little Shirley, aged six and a half, is one of those extremely talented little girls. Take the picture she did in water colors of Peter Rabbit, with the spectacles on and the pipe in his mouth. Cute? Well, you just ought to see it! Mamma and Shirley have brought it to show Mr. Blob, the artist. Likewise the tracing Shirley made of the Briggs drawing. Mamma is explaining all about how her Uncle Will could hardly tell it from the real one. Mamma is so afraid Shirley's style will get cramped in an art school. Maybe Mr. Blob would take Shirley in hand?



Bessie is awfully disappointed. This is her first visit to a real artist's studio, and there isn't a single tiger rug or a leopard skin about the place. Neither has she had to fight off the amorous advances of the artist, who, sad to tell, wasn't dressed a bit like the musical comedy hero in velvet trousers and blue smock. Bessie is so disappointed.

AMONG US MORTALS The Aesthetic Lure

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If Mrs. Fred Guess is saying all the wrong things and offending the tender sensibilities of the artist, one must bear in mind that, for a perfect lady who likes something on the order of the "Old Mill at Sundown" and "Off to Grandma's for Christmas," it's a terrible thing to be plunged suddenly into a lot of modern art stuff, like the "Organization in Magenta and Buff," directly above Mrs. Guess. No wonder Mrs. Guess has the air of sitting on a volcano.



"Now, I would be awfully hard for portrait painters to do. I have so many different personalities that I'm never the same!" However, if any artist wants to take a dare, Miss Watts will oblige.



Mrs. Ray is mad through and through. Says she, "Why can't artists paint nice, sweet, pretty people and scenes, instead of these terrible futuristic things?" Mrs. Ray has called the gallery attendant to explain the pictures to her.

Mrs. Grubbs, the cleaning lady, about to clean the studio after promising not to touch anything. Mrs. Grubbs has paused to reflect on the inferiority of the stuff in the studio. Nothing nearly as good as her crayon portrait of the late Mr. Grubbs, done from the old cabinet photo. Not nearly.

